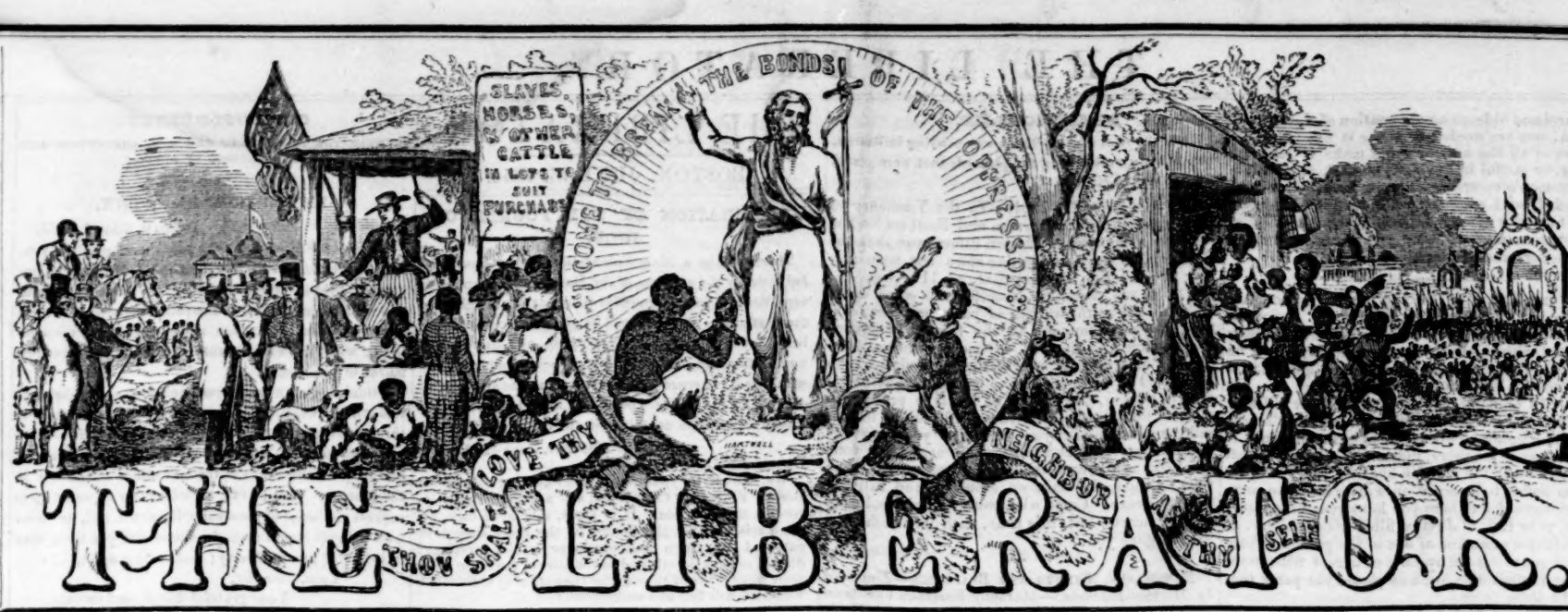


THE LIBERATOR
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.
TERMS—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum,
in advance.
Five copies will be sent to one address for the
month, if payment be made in advance.
All remittances are to be made, and all letters
relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to
be directed, (POST PAID,) to the General Agent.
Advertisements making less than one square in-
serted three times for 75 cents—one square for \$1.00.
The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,
Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are au-
thorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial
Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts
of the paper, viz.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY
LOANS, EDWARD VINCENT, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and
WENDELL PHILLIPS.
In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.



No Union with Slaveholders!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'
'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR
SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to surrender FUGITIVE SLAVES—an
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-
sentation for SLAVES—articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . . In fact, the oppressor repre-
sented the oppressed! . . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress; and thereby
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETU-
ATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—John Quincy Adams.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.
VOL. XXIV. NO. 24.
Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.
BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1854.
WHOLE NUMBER 1039.
J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

We shall not be surprised, if the repeal of the fugitive slave bill should be moved as an amendment to the Nebraska bill, and although it is not to be expected that the motion will prevail at the present time, it will be a good sign for those members who set the example of an-
swering to the slavery agitation of 1852, for a period of
thirty years, to lay to their consciences that they take
upon themselves the responsibility of a renewed agita-
tion, upon which compromise can be no remedy.—Boston
Daily Herald.
If the repeal of the fugitive slave bill should be
moved as an amendment to the Nebraska bill, we
venture to predict that the motion will be voted
down by an overwhelming majority. The obliga-
tion to surrender fugitive slaves, whether by the
act of Congress of 1850, or that of 1821, (the
latter of which expressly provides for the surren-
der of fugitive slaves escaping into the territory
now covered by the Nebraska-Kansas bill,) but
upon the Constitution. The Constitution will re-
main, when all compromises are dead; and will
enforce the enactment of an efficient law for the
capture of fugitive slaves, whenever, by any
means, such a law shall fail to exist. So that noth-
ing would be gained by Abolitionists and their con-
federates by repealing the fugitive slave law, un-
less they were prepared also, as many of them
undoubtedly are, to attempt to repeal the Consti-
tution. Good citizens who find themselves
acting in concert with the Abolitionists at this
point, (which fact may well admonish them of
their danger,) will, therefore, do well to consider
whether their regard for the 'faith of contracts' is
so great, that because the same power that enacts
a law repeals it, therefore they will be guilty of
an intentional violation of a solemn compact—upon
which this great Confederacy of States was
founded, and upon which alone it now rests or
can rest. So far as Abolitionists are concerned,
including those who, not liking to be called Abolition-
ists, out-threw them in Abolition matters and con-
demned them, they have already done their worst
in regard to the fugitive slave law, and, therefore,
their threats to procure its repeal are simply ri-
diculous. No doubt they will do it if they can;
and so they would have done at any time if it had
been in their power. Indeed, they have more than
once made the attempt; but with such utter un-
success, that in the Senate, at the first trial,
a year or two ago, the number of votes in favor
of the measure was only four! They can try again
if they like, with all the aid they can get from the
3,000 clergymen, and the Anti-Nebraskaists gener-
ally. We are not concerned for the result.—N. Y.
Journal of Commerce.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE LAW.

So far, order has triumphed over the sedition
of lawless fanaticism, if we except the instiga-
tors of crime who suffer the prime instigators
of violence to remain at liberty. We still claim,
in vindication of the law—and our sentiment is echoed
by a large portion of the press, far and near—that
Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips should be
punished for murder. They have defied the law, in
exciting the passions of the mob by the most in-
human and heinous of assaults. They openly advised a re-
sistance to the United States authorities—they incited
the rioters to surround the Court House, and in-
directly occasioned the murder of Batchelder. En-
couraged by the madness and threats of an exas-
perated multitude, they justly employed force, and
matter how serious, that might be ventured upon,
to rescue the law—and even counselled rebellion
against the federal government. Still these fire-
brands of society stalk abroad, with the blood of
a brother dripping from their finger's end. Mer-
cy may tolerate such lawless men, but justice will
remain unsatisfied while they go unpunished and
unbound. There is a deep and inexorable guilt
—for, judge them as leniently as we may, they are
guilty of deliberate lawlessness—an offence akin
to treason—and a murder unpunished and apparently
impunished.
The history of Boston has never before witnessed
such a combination to resist the laws of our own
government, and the lovers of order have reason to
congratulate the authorities for the prompt manner
in which the outbreak was quelled, in its incipi-
ency. But for the efficient measures adopted—mea-
sures, directed of all appearance of honor or re-
venge, on the part of the City and State authori-
ties, should have been serious and direful conse-
quences might have ensued. Here, where ripe in-
tellect and popular sovereignty prevail, the lawless-
ness of the people is a crime unlooked for;
and the hands of power, consequently, hesitates to
strike. We do not consider of this. On the con-
trary, it proves the vital strength of our institu-
tions, and we rejoice that it can be so. Neverthe-
less, lawlessness must not degenerate into a toler-
ation of lawlessness; and whenever and wherever
the disposition exists, to abuse the lawful privi-
leges we enjoy, there the stringency of power and
the rigor of the law must be most thoroughly and
effectually invoked.

THE PURCHASE OF BURNS.

We confess, we could prefer no objection, should
our abolition neighbors resolve to purchase and
slave south of Mason and Dixon's line. But they
would find it too expensive. They have not the
capital at their command. These little, enthusiast-
ic philanthropists have very little bottom. They
are notoriously lary. They seldom produce any
thing themselves, except windy speeches and crazy
harangues. Who ever saw one of them at work—
engaged at honest labor—such as their colored
brethren at the South are required to accomplish?
They detest and repudiate the very idea, and from
this they carry away, perhaps, their sympathy
for the slave. They are always ready enough to
speculate on the hard-earned money of other peo-
ple, but the release from want or bondage of their
fellow-men depended upon their own sweat, a night
of destitution and tyranny might reign supreme
throughout the world. During the last two days
of the past week, time enough was idled away at
the Court House, which, if properly employed, would
have yielded an amount sufficient to purchase half
a dozen negroes—and the blood of a white man
need not have been upon their heads. And then
the precedent of making Massachusetts a market
for Southern slaveholders is wrong—wrong, because
the very act of purchasing a compact—and we
are but a single member of a compact—and
however odious a law may be, it is the legitimate
result of that compact, let us abide it till the pow-
er and potency of truth shall be vindicated in its
repeal. Men who set themselves up as the pio-
neers of principle will make little progress, if they
substitute violence for reason.
The African cannot excuse our hatred, no more
than he can command our admiration, and our own

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Col. John C. Park was also present, and made
a speech. He told the men if they were called out
to maintain the peace, they were to assist in the
enforcement of the national laws, to do their duty.
Although a past member, he volunteered his ser-
vices for the emergency, should it come.—Boston
Mercantile Journal.

TRIUMPH OF LAW.

We have a desire that violence should be rebuked
and traitors punished—that justice should take
its course, though the heavens fall. We desire
that the fanatics of Boston shall know that the fu-
gitive law will be executed in that city.
We trust the next step in Boston will be the
punishment of the murderers of Batchelder, the
chief of whom is Theodore Parker. Boston stands
disgraced until this is done. It will not do to
strive only in the execution of the law, but to
He is a thousand times less guilty than those
who counselled violence, excited the mob, and fled
at the first sound of collision. They are the
real murderers. It is their hands that are dyed
with the blood of the man who was shot down like
a beast within the execution of his sworn duty.
They are the man-slavers—Theodore Parker and
Wendell Phillips.—Detroit Free Press.

SELECTIONS.

THE RENDITION OF ANTHONY BURNS.

Extracts from a brave and eloquent Discourse on
Christian Politics, delivered in Williams Hall, Boston,
on Wednesday, June 4, 1854, by JAMES FREEMAN
CLARKE, Minister of the Church of the Disciples.
I have invited you here this morning to meditate
on the events of the week; the phenomenon which
has occurred in the streets of Boston. THE SLAVE
POWER, which has triumphed in Congress over the
rights of the North, which has violated sacred con-
tracts, and broken covenants after having taken its
own share of the consideration, has come North to
Boston, has taken possession of our Court House,
of our City Government, our whole Police force,
our whole Military force, and suspended and inter-
rupted the business of our citizens until its de-
mands could be satisfied. Not contented, as before,
with carrying its victim away under the cloud of
night, it this time must have a more open triumph,
and turns our citizens out of their own streets,
their banks, post-offices, places of business, compels
them to shut up their stores, turns them back at
the point of the bayonet if they attempt to pass to
their affairs. For a whole day suspends all business
in order that it may publicly defy Northern senti-
ment in its most sacred home.

FROM JOHN MITCHELL'S 'CITIZEN.'

BATCHELDER AN IRISHMAN.

We believe that Batchelder, who was killed at
Boston by the rioters, was an Irishman by birth,
and it is satisfactory that the Irish, as soldiers and
citizens, took the side of justice and the Constitu-
tion. Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips have not
studied its wisdom in vain. Those African Patri-
ots have had their hints stained with the blood of
more than one white man, in consequence of their
insane love of notoriety, and more blood will yet
be shed, if the officials of Boston are, as Wen-
dell Phillips boasted, 'self sympathisers' of the
cowardly instigator of murder, considered above
the law. We have no great regard for Bostonian
ideas generally. She is very English in her ways.
But of all her numerous ecstasies, the most
pestiferous and despicable is the Parker-Phillips
assembly of fanatics and fools, with their
double-distilled dashings of universal brotherhood,
while they excite a mob to murder and murder
maudlin transcendentalism which staggers through
our libraries in such a pitiable state, that one
would like to send it to the watch-house, where Don
Quixote's vagrant volumes were detained. On the
whole, it is well that our contemporary should
continue to scorn the sentimental incense of these
men, and hold themselves always ready to take
up arms in defence of the Constitution and the
true liberty of the country. By so doing, they may
succeed in proving, at last, that it is not Irishmen
who break ballot-boxes at New Orleans, or attack
Boston Court-houses with ineffective battering-
rams, but the sons of Englishmen and the descend-
ants of Tories, assisted by paid rowdies who man-
age to seduce a few real Americans into their ranks
for a moment, though the latter soon become
ashamed of the companionship. It is fortunate,
however, that this association of knaves and apes
can never become formidable. The law vindicates
itself, even in Boston, and the country repudiates
the sentiments of the Parkerite clique. Again we
congratulate our countrymen, particularly the
Irish military company which was ordered out on
the occasion, on being so easily and so bravely
ruffians who assailed the Court House, and were
driven away by a mere handful of men in the
honest discharge of their duty.

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD.

POSITION OF THE IRISH ADOPTED CITIZENS.

To the Editor of the Herald:—
At this time, when so much opprobrium is heaped
on Adopted Citizens, it is astonishing to behold
the alacrity with which papers heretofore professing
to be particularly friendly to us, join in the hue and
cry against us—take, for instance, the item in the
Boston Daily Times, of this morning, in which it is
said that John C. Clure, one of the alleged Abolition
rioters, is an Irishman. Now, it is known to the
Citizens of Boston in general, and to the Re-
porter of the Times in particular, that John C.
Clure is a Scotchman. Since the passage of that
questionable enactment, the Fugitive Slave Law,
which has been so often and so loudly resented, and
violated in this city and elsewhere, the desecra-
tion of the Puritans only—but in no instance have Irish
Adopted Citizens co-operated with them. The
Citizens of Boston, of Irish birth, have taken a
solemn oath to sustain the Constitution and Laws
of this glorious Union—and, to their honor be it
spoken, they never have, and never will be found
to act inconsistently with the proper observance of
that solemn obligation.

ARE THEY AFRAID?

COURT HOUSE, BOSTON, June 1st, 1854.
EDITOR OF HERALD:—Sir—The Commonwealth
imagines that the U. S. troops will 'run away' on
the appearance of a few Boston Abolitionists. The
intimation of this preposterous charge will state
one fact—Two men of the Artillery were
and are now, sick, and were to have been sent to
Fort Independence for medical treatment—but, on
being informed of this, both made special applica-
tion to remain; and can be seen at any time. So
much for the Commonwealth.

AN ARTILLERIST.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The Courier states that at the Cadets' supper on
Wednesday evening, Governor Washburn repudiated
with indignant earnestness the insinuation that
he sympathized with the murderous and treason-
able sentiments uttered in Faneuil Hall on Friday
evening. The report, he said, was an absolute and
unqualified falsehood. He complimented the mili-
tary for the part which they had taken during the
week past, in maintaining the public peace, and he
thanked them sincerely.
Col. John C. Park was also present, and made
a speech. He told the men if they were called out
to maintain the peace, they were to assist in the
enforcement of the national laws, to do their duty.
Although a past

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Daily Register.
A REBUKE OF SLAVERY.

BY RICHARD COE.

Out upon ye, men of Boston,
Children of the Pilgrim sires,
That ye suffered cruel slavers
To invade your peaceful fires!
Had ye not the souls of pity,
Had ye not the arms of strength;
But your proud and glorious city
Must be scorned the country's length!

Back unto your den, ye monster,
From the far-off Southern shore;
And pollute the soil of Freedom
With your cursed tread no more!

Back! to your wife and children
Crowd around about your knee,
Dare to look up to your Maker,
And to grate of Liberty!

Fellow-freemen, were ye sleeping,
When this great and moral wrong,
Through your very midst was creeping,
Festering in the crowded throng?
Did ye dread the mailed soldiers,
With their bayonets and spears?
Men of Bunker Hill and Charleston,
Held ye such ignoble fears?

No! I wrong ye, men of Boston,
Children of the Pilgrim band,
And your noble shout of Freedom
Yet shall ring throughout the land!

Ye were palsied with a terror,
Running through your hearts and veins,
At the magnitude of error,
That your country's statutes stains!

Ye were palsied, and your nerves
Aroused beside you listless lay,
Gazing with a speechless horror
At the monster-lump of clay,
Who, from out a Southern city,
With a hot and putrid breath,
And a heart devoid of pity,
Came to lead a soul to death!

Ye were palsied—can we wonder
That such things exist and be,
Ye whose rocks withstood the thunder,
And the storming of the sea?
Shaken, as the earth is shaken,
By the earthquake's awful shock,
Finding in your fellow-creatures
Hearts as hard as Plymouth Rock!

Men of Boston, this comes greeting
You with soul of deepest love;
By our hoped-for happy meeting
At the throne of God above.
Never more let Southern despot,
On the soil where Warren fell,
Lead a freeman back to bondage,
Worse than that which darkens hell!

There's a higher law than nations,
Written on the heart of man,
By the One who rules their stations,
Ever since the world began.
Let us, then, my fellow-freemen,
Rise in majesty and might,
And do steadfast resist this evil—
God is ever with the right!

From the New York Independent.

THE TOCIN.

*Two companies of Irish soldiers were stationed in the court-house to keep back the rabble.—Boston paper.

Ay! through the Courts that once were free,
With hands of savage soldiery;
Call out the Irish kern!
Beneath the shade of Bunker's shaft,
Where earth the blood of freemen quaffed,
Another tale this day we learn.

Crush Massachusetts under foot,
Enslave and menace, stab and shoot!
The Northern mind is bowed;
No more the Pilgrim banner waves,
Content we see our fathers' graves
By Slavery's groaning cannon plowed.

O Massachusetts! Mother home!
O Courts that dash to whitening foam!
Those seas the 'Mayflower' pressed;
Those very rocks cry out to-day—
The waves dash high their glittering spray!
To see thy weakness thus confessed!

And shall Virginia's brutal lords,
Backed and sustained by foreign swords,
The ancient soil subdue?
Shall Irish steel and Southern fraud
Reverse the mandate given by God—
'Do as ye would men do to you'!

Oh! never, while to misery's sob,
Our eyes o'erflow, our pulses throb,
Can come a day so cursed!
While hope remains, while arms are strong,
While lives the sense of right and wrong—
Those fetters be it ours to burst!

We have been patient, and our peace
Mistaken was for cowardice;
We try a different tense:
The passive mood hath brought us chains,
The active now alone remains
To bring these tyrants back to sense.

Up, Massachusetts! up and arm!
Let every stepple tell the 'darn;
Belly thy freemen soon!
Old Boston, as you hope to live,
No'er let that frightened fugitive
In fetters quit your barracoons!

Whether our rights we now defend,
Or if the North must yet descend
From depth to lower depths;
Remember this, be ye dumb
When the great time to act has come,
WITH US THE SOUTH NO PROMISE KEEPS.

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

BY DR. LITCHFIELD.

I love the South! when the sun mounts high,
And the clouds are still in the soft blue sky;
When the balmy breath of the fragrant flower
Comes o'er the earth with its soothing power.

I love the South! when the sun melts down,
In the azure wave, with a crimson crown;
When its golden gleams sink to rest,
Like the babe that sleeps on its mother's breast.

I love the South! when the opening dawn
Users to life the rosy morn;
When the vapory veil is rent away,
And the earth stands forth in garish day.

I love the South! when the midnight gleams
Through the fleecy clouds, with its silver beams;
When the heavenly arch, and the stars above,
Speak to the heart of hope and love.

But sunrise, sunset, noon, and night,
Find in the South one bitter sight:
One fell sunbeam, one lowering cloud,
For is not Slavery Freedom's SHROUD?

RULES OF ACTION.

Let all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than loss; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE LIBERATOR.

NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

[PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERINGTON.]

SPEECH OF LUCY STONE.

Tuesday Evening, May 31.

Miss STONE was greeted with loud cheers, as she stepped forward to address the audience. She said:—

More than ever do I see the beauty of a free platform,—of the acknowledgment of the right of every person to speak 'the truest truth he has.' Our friend who has just addressed us, (Miss ELIZABETH WRIGHT,) who has been an honest, earnest worker in the world's great field of reform, comes here to ask a question in your ears, which will be argued by ten thousand others, when they listen to the arguments of this class of anti-slavery workers. Where shall we go, if we have a dissolution of this Union? When she asked that question, I saw, in the faces of the men and women before me, that it was the question they had asked themselves before. Where shall we go, if we have no union with slaveholders?

Now, I would ask, first, have we any right to have a union with any body in the wrong which he does? Have we any right to enter into a union with the wrong-doer, by which his arm shall be made stronger to grind down his brother, and by which his heel shall be made heavier upon his neck, and his power augmented a thousand fold? And the answer comes back from every man's conscience, and from every man's intellect, We have no right to be in a union with the wrong-doer, to help him in the wrong. Then, shall I ask, Where shall I go? If I hear, in the silence of the night, or over the din of trade by day, a voice saying, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me,' shall I stop to ask what will be the consequences of obedience? If a voice sounding in my ears, 'Deliver him that is spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor,' rising up early in the morning to do it, shall I ask where I shall go, or what I shall suffer? United States law may say, You shall suffer bonds and imprisonment; you shall be persecuted, and you shall suffer loss;—I can suffer loss, but I cannot do the wrong; I cannot refuse to do the right. (Loud cheers.) Need I ask where I am to go, or what is to become of me, if, by remaining in the Union, I give the weight of my influence, however small it may be, in support of those whose business it is to traffic in human beings? All voices answer, No! (Applause.) But our friend concluded her own remarks by telling us to hurry, deeper than it can find a resource, this union of slaveholders and hypocrites. She gave us a grand disunion speech at the end. (Applause.)

Now, I do not know that we are bound to settle any such question, but simply to 'cease to do evil, learn to do well.' We cannot see what is before us; but the wrong is not to be done! I do not know what grave may be mine; I 'confer not with flesh and blood' in this matter; I am bound not to do the wrong, and take the consequences. He who has never seen the autumn come, and for the first time see the foliage wither, and the wind scatter the dried leaves upon the ground, may mourn for the summer's glory that has gone, not knowing that there is still the bud, set by the hand that never wastes, and watched over by the eye that never slumbers; and that God's sunlight and his rain-drops will swell that bud to bursting, and the tree be again robed in greenness and verdure, which answers better to a crisis. (Loud cheers.) So, too, when there is no crisis in being, when the institutions of man wither, man sees not what lies in the future, and need not stop to ask; but if there be any wrong thing, let him not do that; and if the heavens fall, let him not do that; and if his own body be scattered to the winds, let him not do it.

But it seems to me, that when we stand in an hour like the present, it must be clear that we have no Union. Why, did not our friend Mr. MAY (S. J.) tell us to-day, that a man could not get into your own court-house, though he had a permit from the Marshal, because the Slave Power ruled there, and divided the interests of the North and the South? Can Mr. Douglass be allowed, in Virginia, to teach the simple elements of knowledge to the slave there? Can there be, in any Union in this land? Can we be Christians any where? No where? Can we have free speech any where? Not at all! Can we go up and down the length and breadth of the country, men and women, with our simple manhood and womanhood, and do what the convictions of our own reason and conscience tell us ought to be done?—do what we know, and what all know, God and good angels approve? No! for there is no Union between us. The North has no union with the South. The lessons New England is learning to-day will help us to understand, ere long, that there is no union between us; but a war, which is destined to wage hotly, and to grow more intense, until, in the end, Liberty shall be triumphant. I do not know what bloody tragedies are between us and that hour; I only know, that in the end, there must come Liberty, and there must come Peace. (Cheers.) All may seem dark and troublous at this hour; but yet, in the words of LYDIA MARIA CHILD, I know

'A hand is on the harp of time,
That will bring music from every string.'

I know that

'Round him, in calmest music
Rolls whate'er thou fearest.'

I could understand Mr. MAY when he said this afternoon, on this platform, in view of the meanness, wickedness, cowardice and want of manhood which are every where visible, and of the triumph of oppression—I say, I could understand how he should tell us, sadly, with his brave, tender heart, 'I am ashamed to live, I don't want to live.' Understood him well. But just the opposite feeling is born in me, by what this hour presents to our view. I never so much wanted to live; I never so much saw, that every free man and woman, taking that life in his hand and her hand, ought to go to Freedom's altar, and there make a new consecration of it to Justice and to Freedom. (Great cheering.) 'O for that hidden strength, that can nerve unto death the inner man'—that can make us willing to stand firmly to the right, no matter who or what may oppose. Our friend does not speak thus despondingly, we all know, because he shrunk in cowardice; but we want that strength which shall make us willing to live and labor, knowing that man is more than institutions or constitutions, more than compacts or covenants, more than any thing—knowing that the one sole, sacred thing is MAN! (applause.) And that to guard the rights of man, to guard the individual rights of being, is one of the duties of humanity, which the All-Wise gave to us, when he sent us out into the ocean of existence, to act our part here.

No, friends, it is not a time for us to die; but as the bugle, when it

'Pours out its wild thrilling flood,
To stir up men's hearts to the shedding of blood,'

so, when there stands in your court-house poor Anthony Burns, and his cry for liberty comes to our ears, it should nerve each man and each woman with a sublimed strength, and braver should grow every heart, and a deeper determination be planted in each breast, to do all that is possible for his release and restoration to the 'inalienable right' of liberty. I seem to see him stand by the free wind fanned the joyous young cheek of his boyhood; and then again when he grew up to manhood, with the deep yearning that is in every heart for liberty—for God's own finger has planted in all men's breasts this longing for freedom, and nothing can blot it out;—I seem to see him there, with all the hopes that ever came to you and me; with all the sympathies that you and I ever find gushing in our souls;—I see him coming here, to this shore, where

'The waves of the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storm,
And while the shore was snow.'

I see him as he stands at the foot of yonder monument, erected to commemorate brave deeds done for liberty; and as he stands here in the city of Boston, where the instinct of Liberty is swallowed up in the deep gulf that slavery has spread for the feet of manhood. He stands there bound, in the long, dark column, with two millions of his sisters and our sisters in chains, and the hapless wail of the one chimes in with the wail of the other. They stand there, in that long, black column, reaching from yonder court-house to the farthest South, where the shackle of the slave can ever clank. He stands there, and his four million of sable brethren in bonds; and there is not Christianity enough, there is not Republicanism enough, there is not strength enough, in this entire country, to take that man here, and those men there, and bring them up from the place where our system of oppression has thrust them, and set them on the platform that God meant they should stand on, in the simple dignity of human beings.

I heard our friend MAY, recently, while speaking of Syracuse, say that there is but one Protestant pulpit there, which does not only pray against slavery, but preach against slavery; and that there is but one respectable man in Syracuse who openly avows himself a friend of the Fugitive Slave Law. In Syracuse, men come by thousands, at twenty minutes' call, to save a man flying for his liberty. The religious teachers there have spoken in the ear of the people. The spirit of SAMUEL J. MAY has been there. (Great applause.) The religious teachers elsewhere—why, they have laid their religion on the altar of Mammon. I have watched, with an interest deeper than I can tell, to see if there should come from them, in such an hour of crisis as this, one word equal to what the moment demands; and I watched in vain. The religious teaching has not helped him that ought to have been. I am too glad for the three thousand clergymen who signed the Anti-Slavery petition; too deeply grateful that they have done it ever to forget it. I can see a great mark of progress in the fact, that so many of the clergy in this city have preached and prayed for Anthony Burns. The petition of poor Thomas Sims was signed by almost all the religious teachers in Boston. The religious teaching of the land has not come up to the theory that slavery is a great moral wrong; it accommodates itself to the usages that are about us. Men say—'Let slavery be sectional, freedom national.' It is not born into this land that slavery has no right to have a being any where in the world.

Some men marvel that the Nebraska Bill could pass—that the Missouri Compromise could be repealed. I only marvel that men should suppose that any thing else should happen, when we have been making compromises for more than half a century. How can we possibly expect that they who were willing to agree that the slaveholder should have a representation based upon his claim to human beings, and have a power in Congress which he gets from his slaves, and uses against them—how can we expect that a conscience that will do that, shall be sensitive enough to make a repeal of the Missouri Compromise impossible? And if men could make a Missouri Compromise, how can they possibly have in them that strong sense of justice and right, that shall make them refuse to compromise any where, or prevent them from breaking compromises when they are made?

I was in Missouri last winter, and I went up and down through the State, and in its cities I saw signs, 'Negroes bought and sold here;' and a large hand, with its pointing finger, would direct to the door where negroes were bought and sold. My heart sank at the sight of my eyes witnessed, on every side. One day there came to me the daughter of a slave family, a young girl of sixteen years, who timidly asked me, her voice all tremulous, if I were Lucy Stone, the lecturer; and if I were here, if I could not possibly get her out of the State of Missouri. Said she, 'I am a slave here;' and she told me her slave history—I dare not tell it to you. She told me of wrong and outrage which ought to make every woman, by her own love of freedom, bring her best energies, and devote them to the abolition cause. She told me that there in Missouri she had been born and brought up a slave. She was a slave under the Missouri Compromise; but for that act, she would not have been a slave there. That girl of sixteen summers had a little girl of a year and a half. She was a girl herself—a child mother; and she could look over that child to her daughter, and that daughter's daughter further on, and know, that by the Missouri Compromise, she and they all were slaves. Yet men want to keep that compromise—a compromise that was made that they might be held in eternal bondage. Here let her stand, with her mother behind her, and her child in prospect, and hear men what a crime it is to repeal the Missouri Compromise,—would she not understand that they who could be guilty of making and keeping that compromise, are not yet prepared to refuse any thing that the Slave Power may demand of them?

I never felt so deeply the necessity for a dissolution of this Union, as when I stood there and heard that poor girl's imploring words—'Can you not help me out of the State?'—and I had my hands, and they were willing; and I had my heart, and it beat all in sympathy; and I had my head, but it was not wise enough to make a plan to get her away. My arm was not strong enough; and though there are churches all over this land, and steeples bell answers to steeples from one end of the country to the other, there has never gone up from them a voice so earnest and deep that when she came to me and asked—'Am I not a woman and a sister? and cannot you help me to freedom?' it could put strength into my arm, and make me able to lead her out of her chains, and show her the way to the North star.

I tell you, my friends, the scenes that are transpiring in Court Square dissolved to us only these words, 'Let this Union be dissolved.' (Great applause.) The day that this Union is dissolved, no arm is strong enough to keep the chattel where he is. Let him stand there,

—With his right arm bare,
And his heart of black despair—
let the support of the Union be withdrawn from the slaveholder, and the three million of slaves will see their way to freedom and their indelible rights. It is our army and navy, it is our ballot-box—these it is that keep the slave where he is. Let the Union be dissolved, and the slave's own arm is strong enough to obtain his liberty; and if the fathers of '76 were justified in taking into their hands the means of securing for themselves the liberty they did not enjoy—if they were justified in hewing their way to freedom, how much more is the man who stands in your Court-house, and all those who belong to his race, south of Mason and Dixon's line? I want this Union dissolved. I love the sentiment of Frederick Douglass, uttered years ago, 'I welcome the bolt, whether it come from heaven or from hell, that shall shiver this Union in atoms!' (Long-continued applause.) I do not know what bloodshed may come by it; I do not know what revolution may come by it. All I do know is, that we have no right to keep a Union with slaveholders; and what has no right to exist, it is safe that it should not exist. (Cheers.) I will not ask for personal safety for you or for me; but simply make the issue, that slavery shall be abolished, or the Union shall be dissolved. We ought to make it anew our rallying cry, up and down these New England States—'No Union with slaveholders!' (Applause.) We ought to ring it in the ears of the people, and tell them the reason why. When we have brought the people up to one united purpose, when the public sentiment has been wrought up to that point, that it shall demand a dissolution of the Union, it will come. Revolutions never work too fast. The hand that is on the wheel of time never allows it to turn too swiftly. Nor can we work too earnestly or too faithfully.

I will not speak longer. I am reminded of that proverb of the olden time, 'Speech is silver, silence golden'—and the gold is better than the silver. I could not but think to-day, when we sat here through the sessions of the morning and afternoon, how deep a significance there would have been in coming here, and

offering nothing but a silent protest against the outrage that is now being perpetrated in the city of Boston. In silence, in secret, some crisis of being comes, and in that silence there come strength, and power, and might, and a new creation and a new being. But, friends, I feel like being silent, because the unutterable cannot be spoken, and what I feel finds no word. I have no language for the deep emotions of my heart. I cannot speak what needs to be said, but I know what every heart would say.

But, friends, I have said that silence is better than speech, and I will stop. All I want is, that we should realize, that until we get a new life to our conscience, we are not strong enough nor wise enough to effect the deliverance of the slave. Let us, then, get a new baptism, a new light to our moral sense, grasp each ray as it comes, and follow it out. (Loud applause.)

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New England Woman's Rights Convention assembled in Boston, on Friday, June 9. It was the day on which poor Burns was consigned to hopeless bondage; and though very many friends of the Woman's Rights movement staid to see his surrender, still, at an early hour, the hall was literally crowded with earnest men and women, whom a deep interest in the cause had drawn together.

The meeting was called to order by LUCY STONE, and the following list of officers chosen:—

President,

SARAH H. EARLE.

Vice Presidents—Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, Mass.; Mrs. A. F. Fairbanks, Samuel W. Wheeler, R. I.; Rev. S. S. Griswold, Gertrude H. Burleigh, Ct.; Eliza Spaulding, Rev. A. Battles, Me.; Caroline Foster, Benj. B. Chase, N. H.; Mrs. C. L. H. Nichols, Rev. Jehiel Claflin, Vt.

Secretaries—Sarah Pellet, Miss E. M. Tarr. Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Jones, E. L. Capron, Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, Wendell Phillips, Abby K. Foster.

After a short, but very pertinent address by the President, LUCY STONE, on behalf of the Business Committee, offered the following resolutions, which were left open for discussion:—

- Resolved, That no accident of birth can determine the sphere of any mortal; and, since the existence of a power presupposes a right to its use, capacity, and not sex, is the only limit of sphere.
- Resolved, That since the pecuniary dependence of woman, with its results, grows out of the present circumscribed sphere of her activities; it is her duty, as she alone can do it, to make that sphere wider, by seeking all honest sources of remunerative industry, whether they have hitherto been accorded to her sex or not.
- Resolved, That the unreasonable prejudice, in our so-called higher classes, which makes it more honorable for a woman to live in dependent idleness than to earn her own bread, is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of woman; and we would pay especial honor to those women who have risen above that prejudice, and preferred active usefulness to luxurious ease.
- Resolved, That since 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' to withhold the right of suffrage from woman is a practical denial of this self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence.
- Resolved, That 'taxation without representation is tyranny.'
- Resolved, That the political influence of woman is especially useful in this trial hour of our country, now convulsed with passion, and oppressed by force; and will be needed still more in the coming crisis; therefore,
- Resolved, That we will petition the several Legislatures, at every coming session, to call Conventions for the purpose of amending their State Constitutions, so that the right to vote shall not be limited to male citizens; and that woman may be admitted to a full share in the political, executive and judicial action of our country.
- Resolved, That the Common Law, which governs the marriage relation, and blots out the legal existence of a wife, denies her right to the product of her own industry, denies her equal property right, even denies her right to her children and to the custody of her own person, is grossly unjust to woman, dishonorable to man, and destructive to the harmony of life's holiest relation.
- Resolved, That the laws which destroy the legal individuality of woman, after her marriage, are equally pernicious to man as to woman, and may give him in marriage a slave or a tyrant, but never a wife.

Letters were received from Paulina W. Davis, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mrs. C. L. H. Nichols, and Sarah Crosby.

Mrs. Emma R. Cox, Josephine S. Griffing, Rev. S. S. Griswold, Sarah Pellet, Wm. L. Garrison, Mrs. Moreton and Lucy Stone participated in the discussions, of which it is enough to say, that they were worthy of the cause.

Committees were appointed, from each of the New England States, to circulate petitions for securing a change in the laws regulating the property of married women, and limiting the right of suffrage to men.

The Convention adjourned at 10 o'clock, P. M., the deepest interest having been manifested through the entire sessions.

CHANGE OF VIEWS.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., June 4, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:—

SIR—I have, for some years, been an occasional reader of THE LIBERATOR, and, as a general thing, an endorser of its 'fanaticisms,' and an admirer of its unflinching devotion to principles. But, yet, I have had some doubts as to the expediency of an entire withdrawal from all political action, and also of a dissolution of this Union. My doubts are gone. I am ready for any thing that shall free us from the curse and disgrace of slavery. The policy of this government to perpetuate and extend the institution till the whole country shall be subjugated, and Slavery rule supreme, can no longer be doubted. It seems to me that the only alternative is, dissolution or entire subjection. The South, true only to slavery, and ever contented and firm in her purpose, has constantly advanced, and the North has as constantly retreated, till the power to resist is nearly gone.

Massachusetts is humbled at the feet of the Slave Power to-day. She cannot give protection to her citizens. Virginia demands one of her citizens, and meekly she gives him up to whips and chains. How long shall we thus endure the disgrace? It seems as if the cup of our humiliation was nearly full. My determination is made, as I doubt not is that of thousands of others throughout the North, to cheer me on in that determination. Please send enclosed the amount of one year's subscription, for which, direct THE LIBERATOR to BENJAMIN PRATT.

A CATECHISM FOR SLAVES.

The Southern Episcopalian, a conservative religious monthly at Charleston, S. C., contains a catechism for slaves. The following is an extract:—

Who keeps slaves and all bad things from hurting you?—God does.

Who gave you a master and a mistress?—God gave them to me.

Who says that you must obey them?—God says that I must.

What book tells you these things?—The Bible.

How does God do all his work?—He always does it right.

Does God love to work?—Yes, God is always at work.

Do the good angels work?—Yes, they do what God tells them.

Do they love to work?—Yes, they love to please God.

What does God say about your work?—He that will not work shall not eat.

Did Adam and Eve have to work?—Yes, they were to keep the garden.

Was it hard to keep that garden?—No, it was very easy.

What makes the crops so hard to grow now?—Sin makes it.

What makes you lazy?—My own wicked heart.

How do you know your heart is wicked?—I feel it every day.

What teaches you so many wicked things?—The Devil.

Must you let the Devil teach you?—No, I must not.

The following is extracted from a catechism used in Russia. It will match the foregoing, and shows the affinities of despotism the world over.

Q. How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered, in reference to the spirit of Christianity?

A. As proceeding immediately from God.

Q. What duties does religion teach us to practice toward him?

A. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love and prayer.

Q. How should this worship be manifested?

A. By the most unqualified reverence in words, gestures, demeanor, thoughts and actions.

Q. What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship?

The supernaturally revealed motives are—that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God, and consequently disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself.

Such is a brief specimen of the instruction given in the schools under the authority of the Czar! Here is one of the distinguishing features of the Roman Apostasy—the worship of man—the anti-Christian idea that the Emperor is the Vicegerent of Heaven, and that disobedience to him is disobedience to God himself!

SENATORS WADE AND NORRIS. Wade is a curious genius. He pays no more regard to Southern civility than if there were such a thing in the world.

Senator Norris, from New Hampshire, who is serving his last term in the Senate, said to him the other day, when discussing the Nebraska question, in company with a number of Southern Senators:—

'Would you, Mr. Wade, if called upon by the U. S. Marshal to assist in catching a fugitive slave, obey the order?'

'No,' said Mr. Norris, 'I'd see him in—Jericho first!'

'That,' said Mr. Wade triumphantly to his Southern friends, 'is an evidence how little regard is paid to the laws by these abolition Whigs.'

'Well,' said Wade, 'Mr. Norris, would you help to catch a negro, if you saw him running off?'

'Certainly,' I would,' said Mr. Norris, with some little trepidation.

Says Wade, turning to Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, 'would you, sir, if called upon to arrest a runaway negro, obey the command?'

'No, sir,' said Dixon, 'I'd see him—first.'

'Well,' said Wade, in his dry way, 'I do not wonder when you can get to the North, and see the gentleman from New Hampshire, to do it for you.'—Ohio Journal.

A NUT FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS. The steamship Pampero, on her last trip from San Juan, brought up twelve or fifteen slaves, who, together with their master, were on their return to California to Georgia. These slaves were taken out to California by their master, in the spring of 1850, and as soon as practicable after their arrival in San Francisco, started for the gold mines, where they have ever since labored faithfully, the proceeds of their labor rendering their owner wealthy. When they arrived at San Francisco, the owner addressed them, and informed them that they were free, and offered to rig them out in fine style, and give each of them a sufficient sum of money to enable him to start fair in the world for himself. With-out a single exception, they refused. They had all been looking forward to great good to be returned to the 'old plantation,' and the 'old folks at home,' and so back they all came, and by this time, perhaps, they are astonishing the young darlings, who have never left home, with the wondrous incidents which befel them in the land of gold, and gratifying them with a sight of the monkeys, parrots, &c., which they picked up on the Isthmus of Nicaragua.

The above facts are gathered from gentlemen who came through with the slaves and their owner, and who were perfectly cognizant of the matters stated; and we recommend this simple and truthful narrative to the consideration of the Captives of the Garrigues, Greeks, Beechers and Stoves of the North. As for the deceivers themselves, they have no wish to hear the truth. They would destroy their business, falsehoods being their stock in trade.—N. O. Picayune.

Not the slightest reliance is to be placed upon any statement made by the devotees of slavery, in regard to the desires or acts of its victims. Even if this story were literally true, would it justify one man in owning other men as his property? How?

FOUND FAVOR AT LAST! The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer says, 'the South may repose implicit confidence in Mr. Pierce—he is with us.' Mr. Pierce has now received the Southern brand, as the reward for his devotion to the interests of the slave power.

Gen. Pierce, in his Message to Congress, speaking of the 'disturbing questions bearing upon the domestic institution' of slavery, and the repose which followed the acts of 1850, says:—

'That this repose is to suffer no shock, during my official term, if I HAVE POWER TO AVERT IT, THOSE WHO PLACED ME HERE MAY BE ASSURED.'

What an admirable text to preface the details of the proceedings in Boston last week!

BENTON'S LAST. A gentleman recently asked Col. Benton if he thought Douglas had any chance for the next Presidency; to which Old Bullion replied:—

'No, sir; no, sir; his legs are too short; that portion of the man to which the toes of gentlemen's boots are sometimes applied is much too near the ground.'

DUTCH COURAGE. While the military preparations were being made to carry off Burns, on Friday last, the Lanciers, an independent company of Horse, forming a part of the regular Massachusetts Militia, were plied with liquor, in Court Square, from a demijohn brought from one of the neighboring cellars. It was passed round to the whole of the troop, and thus all were enabled to get a drink of brandy without dismounting. This fact will account for the charge made by one of those valorous sons of Mars upon a crazy man, and a small boy.—Commonwealth.

A SLAVE CATCHING HERO. Lieut. Bullock, one of the officers of the Lanciers, a Boston company of horse, upon seeing the preparations made by Messrs. Jacobs & Dean, to put their store in mourning, put spurs to his horse, and with the air and manner of a real Military officer, commanded them to desist, and ordered them to shut up their store. Of course, they refused to obey the insolent braggart, and he went about his business, and perhaps took another pull at the Marshal's champagne.—Ibid.

Riot in Middletown.—On Friday, the agents and friends of the administration fired a salute at Middletown for the success of the Nebraska Bill, in doing which, a man was killed. On Friday evening, the people told the bells, to signify their grief at the passing of the Bill. In the evening, tar barrels were lighted by the administration party, and a crowd, in which a man was stabbed, though the wound was not fatal.

MOTORPATHIC CURE.

DR. H. HALSTED, formerly of Haled Hill, Boston, N. Y., well known as the author of the Motorpathic Cure, and by his great success in the treatment of chronic and female diseases, has recently purchased and removed to the celebrated ROUND HILL WATER-CURE RETREAT, at Northampton, Mass., with improved facilities, he will continue the practice of his peculiar system, in connection with the Hydropathic treatment.

Dr. H. was one of the earliest advocates, and has been since one of the most successful, in the treatment of the Water-Cure system. Nevertheless, in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, and especially those incident to Women, experience has taught him that Motorpathic combined with the Water-Cure treatment, in all cases much more effectual, and will restore many patients who are beyond the reach of Hydropathic alone. This has been made apparent in the cure of very many cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Dyspepsia and Paralysis, and the numerous and complicated diseases of the liver and kidneys.

Dr. H. is confident in saying, that in many instances, Motorpathic is the only available remedy. More than seven thousand persons have been successfully treated in his former Institution, and with the improved facilities of Round Hill, Dr. H. is prepared to increase success. Physicians are respectfully invited to call, and test for themselves the merits of his system.

As a summer retreat for the friends of patients and those seeking relaxation or pleasure, Round Hill stands alone and unrivalled. Its mountain air, limpid water, and delightful scenery have given it a world-wide reputation.

His former Institution at Rochester is for sale. His work on Motorpathic can be obtained by remitting the postage stamps.

Address H. HALSTED, M. D., Round Hill, Northampton, Mass.

April 28. 3m

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